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151,442

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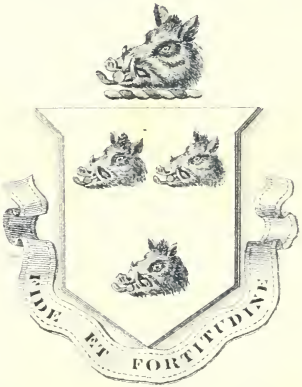

Thomas Bernard Barton.

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a Most pleasant Comedie of Macedonius the King's
Sonne of Valencia and Madrian the
King's Daughter of Aragon with the
merry conceits of Mouse Very delectable &
full of conceited mirth 4to Morocco
Extra

London W. Jones at the Signe
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A

Most pleasant

Comedy of *Mucedorus*

the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouse*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was acted before the Kings Majestie at Whitehall, on Shrove-sunday night

By his Highnesse servants usually playing at the *Globe*.

Very delectable and full of conceited mirth.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the *Bible* in *Giltspurre-Street* without *Newgate*. 1639.

B 7,442
May, 1873

The Prologue.

Most Sacred Majestie, whose great deserts,
Thy subject England ; *nay, the world admires :*
Which heav'n grant still increase : O may your praise
Multiplying with your houres, your fame still raise.
Embrace your Councel : Love, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench by the others side ;
So may your life passe on, and runne so even,
That your firme zeal plant you a Throne in Heaven :
where smiling Angels shall your guardians be,
From blemisht Traitours, stain'd with perjurie.
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night,
For from your beams Europe shall borrow light :
Mirth drown your bosome ; faire Delight your minde,
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may eaſily play it.

The King and Romelo,	} *for one.*
King Valentia,	} *for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia,	} *for one.*
Anſelmo,	} *for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	} *for one.*
Segaſto a Nobleman,	} *for one.*
Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wilde man,	} *for one.*
Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman, Aienra, Amadines maid,	} *for one.*
Collina Counſeller, a Meſſenger,	} *for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	} *for one.*

A most pleasant Comedie of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy so, thus doe I hope to please;
Musick revives, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and please;
Make merry them that come to joy with thee;
Joy then good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh;
Sound forth *Bellona's* silver tuned strings;
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his armes naked, besmeared with bloud.

Envy. Nay stay minion, stay, there lies a block;
What all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mix your musick with a Tragick end.

Comedy. What monstruous ugly hagge is this,
That dares controle the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish Curre besmeard with gory bloud,
That seem'st to check the blossome of Delight,
And still the sound of sweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monster blush, and post away with shame,
That seek'st disturbance of a Goddesse name.

Envy. Post hence thy selfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possesse this habit spight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wished port.
Ile thunder musick shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shiver their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish Caves.

Sound Drummes within, and cry, Stab, stab.

Hearken, thou shalt heare noise
Shall fill the aire with shrilling sound;

And

And thunder muſick to the Gods above:
Mars ſhall himſelf breathe downe
A peereleſſe Crowne upon brave *Envies* head,
And raiſe his chivall with a laſting fame:
In this brave muſick *Envie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their bloud,
To ſpurne at Arms and Legs quite ſhivered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Trull? 'tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudy Curre, nurſt up with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a womans minde:
Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeeks to gaine the love of all eſtates;
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales;
And bringeth things with treble joy to paſſe.
Thou bloudy, envious, diſdainer of mens joyes;
Whoſe name is fraught with bloudy ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoile and death,
Where thou mayſt trample in their luke warme bloud,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, revenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begs it at thy hands;
Give me the leave to utter out my Play:
Forbeare this place, I humbly crave thee hence,
And mix not death 'mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treats nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane reſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the ſuit of me.

Envy. Why ſo I will; forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou joyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of bloud:
Thus will I doe: Thus ſhall I beare with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the play,
Favouring thee with Envy and with Hate.

Com. Then ugly monster do thy worst,
I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou thinkest with Tragick fumes
To prove my Play unto my great disgrace;
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe:
Ile grace it so, thy self shall it confesse,
From Tragick stuffe, to be a pleasant Comedie.

Envy. Why then *Comedie* send the Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And Ile defend them maugre all thy spight;
So ugly fiend farewell till time shall serve,
That we may meet to parley for the best.

Envy. Content *Comedie*, I'le go spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine envious Tree,
Shall prove two Monsters spoyling of their joyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. Anselmo? *Ansel.* My Lord and friend,
Whose deare affections bosome with my heart,
And keep their domination in one Orbe;
Whence nere disloyalty shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choise respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must enstrange that friend-
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: ship:
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keep company;
Thou know'st that I imparted often have
Private relations with my Royall Syre
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Jewell: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies never shone so gay:
Excelling, not excell'd; yet lest Report
Does mangle Verity, boasting of what is not
Wing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Ansel. Will you forsake *Valentia*? leave the Court?

Absent

Abſent you from the eye of Soveraignty,
Do not ſweet Prince, adventure on that taske,
Since danger lurks each where, be won from it.
Muc. Deſiſt diſſwaſion,
My reſolution brooks no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſſiſt what I intend.
Anſel. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a froſty dew upon that beard,
Whoſe front *Valentia* ſtoops to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more;
Let Loves ſtrong Magick charme thy triviall phraſe,
Waſted as vainly as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwer; lock thy lips,
Unleſſe thy wiſedome ſure me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſel. That action craves no counſel,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than beſt uſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition.
A more obſcure ſervile habiliment
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.
Muc. 'Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy judgement,
My minde is grafted on a humbler ſtock.
Anſel. Within my cloſet does there hang a Caſſock,
Though baſe the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds
Which I preſented in Lord *Julius* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habite ſuits my minde, fetch me that weed.
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kings have not diſdain'd that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a ſhepherds coat.
So, let our reſpect command thy ſecrecie,
At once a brief farewell,
Delay to Lovers is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*
Anſel.

Anſel. Proſperitie fore-runne thee: Aukward chance,
Never be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture,
Content and Fame advance thee: Ever thrive,
And glory thy mortality ſurvive.

Enter Mouſe with a bottle of hay.

Mouſe. O horrible, terrible! Was ever poore Gentleman ſo fear'd out of his ſeven ſenſes? A Beare? Nay ſure it cannot be a Beare, but ſome Devil in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could never have had that agility to have frighted me. Well, Ile ſee my father hang'd before Ile ſerve his horſe any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers horſe turne Puritane, and obſerve faſting dayes, for he gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and becauſe Ile be ſure to have an eye to her, I will ſhake hands with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make every ſtep backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles over her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behinde him.

Enter Segaſto running, and Amadine after him, being purſued with a Beare.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or elſe we are but dead.

Ama. Help *Segaſto*, help, help ſweet *Segaſto*, or elſe I die.

Segaſto runnes away.

Segaſt. Alas Madam there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſave your ſelf.

Ama. Why then I die. Ah help me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a ſword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmaid,
That cruel beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkas now lies headleſſe void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed monſter is he dead?

Muce. Aſſure your ſelf thereof, behold his head.

Which if it pleaſe you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Majeſtie.
Ama. Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thouſand times,
This gift aſſure thy ſelf contents me more
Than greateſt bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muce. Moſt gracious Goddeſſe, more than mortall wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no leſſe,
Moſt glad am I, in that it was my chance
To undertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your princely minde.
Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt;
My Father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely daughter am,
And after him ſole heire unto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me unto *Segaſto*,
One whoſe wealth, through fathers former uſury,
Is knowne to be no leſſe then wonderfull;
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did uſe,
(Leaving the Court) to walk within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce entered within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before us downe a ſteep-fall hill,
A monſtrous ugly Beare did hye him faſt
To meet us both: I faint to tell the reſt:
Good Shepherd but ſuppoſe the ghaſtly looks,
The hideous fears, the hundred thouſand woes
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtain'd.
Muce. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former joyes revive.
Ama. Beleeve me Shepherd, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Muce. Long may they laſt unto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him
Segaſto call'd? what is become of him?

Ama. I know not I that know the powers divine,
But God grant this, that sweet *Segasto* live.
Muce Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save himself by flight,
And leave so brave a Princesse to the spoile.
Ama. Well Shepherd for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy self to set me free,
Unrecompensed sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainely knowne:
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and never dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better known,
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight to every courtiers view,
So will the King my father thee reward:
Come let's away and guard me to the Court.
Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. When heapes of harmes doe hover over head,
'Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of ensuing harmes to chuse the least,
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and caitiffe-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune ever frownes:
My self I meane, most subject unto thrall;
For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,
The more by proof I finde my self accurst,
Ere whiles assaulted with an ugly Beare
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forwith by flight I thought to save my self,
Leaving my *Amadine* unto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long:
In living thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths.
If she by flight her fury doth escape,
What will she thinke?

Will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyalty.
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cry'd, *Segasto* help,
I turn'd my back and quickly ran away,
Unworthy I to beare this vitall breath;
But what, what needs these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe live, then happy I,
She will in time forgive, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Juno*-like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse, the Clowne running, crying Clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Bears, nothing but Bears.
Tell me sirra where she is.

Clow. O sir she is runne downe the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast Thou talkst of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But sirra, didst thou ever see any such?

Clow. No faith, I never saw any such;
But I remember my fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Segast A lamentable tale, no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serve my fathers great horse, and carried a bottle of hay upon my head: Now do you see sir, I fast hoodwinckt that I should see nothing, I perceiving the Beare coming, I threw my hay into the hedge, and ran away.

Segast. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two load of thornes besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirra; the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I never saw a Beare go a milking in all my life. But harke you sir, I did not looke so high as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly,

Segast

Segast. But tell me sirra; where dost thou dwell?

Clow. Why, doe you not know me?

Segast. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no body, and you know not me: I tell you sir, I am goodman Rats sonne of the next parish over the hill.

Segast. Goodman Rats sonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin unto him.

Segast. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I have a very pretty name, Ile tell you what my name is, My name is *Mouse*?

Segast. What plaine *Mouse*?

Clow. I plaine *Mouse* without either welt or gard. But do you heare sir, I am a very young *Mouse*, for my taile is scarce grown out yet: looke here else.

Segast. But I pray you who gave you that name?

Clow. Faith sir I know not that, but if you would faine know, ask my fathers great horse, for he hath been half a yeare longer with my father than I have been.

Segast. This seems to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde:
A merry man a merry master makes.
How sayst thou sirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay soft sir, two words to a bargaine. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segast. No Occupation, I live upon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no master for me. Why do you think that I am so mad to go seek my living in the lands among the stones, bryers and bushes, and teare my holiday apparell? not I by your leave.

Segast. Why I do not mean thou shall. *Clow.* How then?

Segast. Why thou shalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that? *Segast.* Where the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segast. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you sir, pray you what kin is he to goodman King of our parish the Church-warden?

Segast. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the whole Land, I never saw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him every day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torn in pieces with Bears? No not I, I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then go drown my self.

Segast. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then here's my hand Ile dwell with you: And harke you sir, now you have entertained me, Ile tell you what I can do, I can keep my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant you as well as ever you had any man in your life.

Segast. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* do liue, then happy I; yea, happy I if *Amadine* do live.

Enter the King with a young prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellers.

King. Now brave Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foile, and we in safety rest;
It us behoves to use such clemency in peace,
As valour in the warres:
'Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field:
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,
We are dispos'd in Marriage for to give
Our Daughter unto Lord *Segasto* here,
Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore have done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What say you Lordlings, like you of my advice?

Col. An't please your Majestie, we do not onely allow of your Highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* live,
e will at full requite your courtesies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take unto thee the *Catelone* a Prince,
Lately our prisoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine;
Wee'll thinke of it when leasure shall afford:
Meane while do use him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Majestie, his usage shall be such,
As he thereat shall have no cause to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march we on to Court, and rest our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I have a tale in secret fit for thee;
When thou shalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our state;
Then *Collin* look thou be not farre from me,
And for thy service thou tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prov'd in every point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So guard us to the Court.

Coll. What so my Soveraigne doth command, me do,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne, with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirra, how do you like your weapons?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keep my sides warme.

Seg. They keep the dogs from your shins well, do they not?

Clow. How keep the dogs from my shins? I would scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Segast. Well sirra, leaving idle talke, tell me,
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.

Segast. I thinke so, for so hath every chambe.
But dost thou know the man?

Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath every one. *Clo.* That's more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?

Clow. O very well.

Segast. Go to him, and bid him come unto me:
Tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clow. I will Master, what's his name?

Segast.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O, the meal-man: I know him very well,
He brings meal every Saturday. But harke you Maſter,
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Hearke you Maſter, if he be not at home,
What ſhall I do then?

Segaſt. Why then leave word with ſome of his folks.

Clow. O Maſter if there be no body within,
I will leave word with his dogge.

Segaſt. Why can his dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, Wherfore doth he keep his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keep out ſuch knaves as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then go your ſelf.

Segaſt. You will go ſir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O 'tis come to my head;
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you pluck down the Kings houſe?

Clow. Nay by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I have forgotten it againe;
I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captaine treble knave, Captaine treble knave.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my maſter, Captaine treble knave.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio.* Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *John* the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beef and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a Jack of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelf, and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I have done, I pray you good Maſter.

Exit.

Segaſt. Well Sir, away.

Tremelio. This it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto.*

Spread

Spread through all the kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as have found triumph and favours,
Never daunted at any time: but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segastoes* honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to worke the Shepherds death: I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to love no otherwise than to revenge my injuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* fears:
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy self,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth; stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Have at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muce. Vild Coward, so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike and do thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepherd hold, spare him, kill him not:
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, Trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou living didst prove faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now living will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with revenge.
Bloud-thirstie villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands upon the least of mine?
Assure thy self, thou shalt be us'd according to the Law.

Muce. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that have done nothing
But in mine own defence.

Segast. Nay Shepherd, reason not with me,
Ile manifest thy fact unto the King:
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deserv'st.
What hoe: *Mouse* come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now? what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segast. Come help away with my friend.

Clow. Why, is he drunke? can he not stand on his feet?

Segast. No he is not drunke, he is slaine.

Clow. Slaine? No by Lady he is not slaine.

Segast. He's kill'd, I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What do you use to kill your friends? I will serve you

Segast. I tell thee the Shepherd kill'd him.

Clow. O did he so? But Master, I will have all his apparell if I carry him away. *Segast.* Why so thou shalt.

Clow. Come then I will help: Masse Master I think his mother sung loobie to him, he is so heavie. *Exeunt.*

Muce. Behold the fickle state of man, alwayes mutable, never at one.
Sometime we feed our fancies with the sweet of our desires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heat of extreme miseries.
Now am I in favour about the Court and Countrey,
To morrow those favours will turne to frownes.
To day I live revenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No passenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that seldome doth befall,
What, not one? Then lie thou there,
And rest thy self till I have further need:
Now *Bremo* sith thy leasure so affords,
An endlesse thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* strength,
Who like a King commands within these woods?
The Beare, the Boare dare not abide his sight,
But haste away to save themselves by flight.
The Chrystall waters in the bubling brooks,
When I come by do swiftly slide away,
And claps themselves in closets under banks,
Afraid to look bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oaks at *Bremoes* breath do bow,
And all things else are still at my command.

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would revenge my ſelf.
Why, who comes here? with whom dare I not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? Not one.
What favour ſhews this ſturdy ſtick to thoſe
That here within theſe woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe rage I wander thorow theſe woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremoes* force:
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And every thing that doth approach my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once do frowne.
Come, Cudgel come, my partner in my ſpoiles:
For here I ſee this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat ſufficeth for to work my will.
What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerve when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepherd, & the Clown, with others

King. Shepherd, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerved death.
Muce. Dread Soveraigne, I muſt needs confeſſe,
I ſlew this Captaine in mine own defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.
Segaſt. Words will not here prevail,
I ſeek for juſtice, and juſtice craves his death.
King. Shepherd, thine own confeſsion hath condemned thee:
Sirra take him away, and do him to execution ſtraight.
Clo. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But do you heare maſter King? he is kin to a Monke,
His neck is bigger than his head.
Seg. Come ſirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.
Clo. Yes forſooth, I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheep-biter a looks.

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soveraigne, and welbeloved sire,
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned Shepherd, which heretofore preserved the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

King. Preserved the life of my sometime distressed daughter!
How can that be? I never knew the time
Wherein was thou distrest: I never knew the day,
But that I have maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King.
I never saw the Shepherd untill now.
How comes it then that he preserv'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further than our accustomed manner was,
Right before us downe a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous ugly Beare did hie him fast
To meet us both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Majestie. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow us both at once:
The sight whereof did make us both to dread;
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who, for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastoes* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flye,
Left me distrest to be devour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that ugly Beare,
But all in vaine; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes,
Till at the length this Shepherd came,
And brought to me his head. (Majestie,
Come hither boy, lo here it is, which I do present unto your

King. The slaughter of this Beare deserves great fame.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerves great blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo falls out.
Segaſt. Tremelio in the warres (O King) preſerved thee,
Ama. The ſhepherd in the woods (O King) preſerved me.
Segaſt. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the ſhepherd had he been in field.
Clow. So would my maſter, had he not run away.
Segaſt. Tremelio's force ſav'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepherds force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipſticks nothing elſe.
King. Segaſto ceaſe to accuſe the Shepherd,
His worthineſſe deſerves a recompenſe;
All we are bound to do the Shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt die,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Majeſtie.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long maiſt thou live; and when the Siſters ſhall decree,
To cut in twaine the twiſted threed of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Majeſtie.
King. Come daughter let us now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O Maſter heare you, you have made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrow you: what will you do now?
You have loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the ſhepherd,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but half an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are ſtill in your knavery:
But ſith I cannot have his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for ever. Come on ſirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and ſilver, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banks of gold and treaſures;

More may I boaſt and ſay: but I
Was never Shepherd in ſuch dignitie.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſ. All haile worthy Shepherd.

Clo. All raine louſie Shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court;
Shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take law-legs, fly away Shepherd.

Muce. Whoſe words are theſe? came theſe from *Amadine*?

Meſ. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muce. Ah luckleſſe fortune, worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe is now become my bale.

Clow. What, wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Muce. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Clo. The worſt Ale-houſe that ever I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What ſhall I doe?

Clow. Even go hang thy ſelfe.

Muce. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly command,
To baniſh the Shepherd from her fathers Court?

Meſ. What ſhould Shepherds do in the Court?

Clow. What ſhould Shepherds do among us:
Have not we Lords enough on us in the Court?

Muce. Why, Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepherds are men, and maſters over their flocks.

Clow. That's a lie, who payes them their wages then?

Meſ. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:
But you were beſt to looke to him, leſt you hang for him when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clow. And you ſhall hang for company,
For leaving me alone.
Shepherd ſtand forth and heare my ſentence.
Shepherd be gone within three dayes in pain of my diſpleaſure,
Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone.
Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muce. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needs depart?

Ye goodly Groves partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne, the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortlesse:
Yee wholesome herbs, and sweet smelling savours;
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your aid, in wofull sort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. Ariena, if any body ask for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I mean not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice so sweet my pining spirits revives.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou dost.

Muc. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepherd although thy banishment already be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*——

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I crave.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in absence either farre or neare,
You honour me as servant to your name.

Ama. Not so. *Muc.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soveraigne of my heart.

Muc. A Shepherd and a Soveraigne, nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muce. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd it is only *Segasto* that procures thy banishment.

Muce. Unworthy wights are more in jealousie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Muce. Amen I say to have your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, sith thou sufferest thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me live,
On this condition Shepherd thou canst love.

Muce. No longer love, no longer let me live.

Ama.

Am. Of late I loved one indeed; but now I love none but on-
Mu. Thanks worthy Princesse: I burne likewise, (ly thee,
Yet smother up the blast:
I dare not promise what I may performe.
Ama. Well Shepherd, harke what I shall say,
I will returne unto my fathers Court,
There for to provide me of such necessaries
As for my journey I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muce. Downe in the valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That overshades a well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of us both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you please, you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gave the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a privy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. 'Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepherd, such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous thorow the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepherd hath *Segastoes* honour won.

Enter Mouse the Clowne calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?
Segast. Will you come hither, I pray you, what is the matter?
Clow. Why, is it not past eleven of the clock?
Seg. How then sir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Seg. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's such a do with you, will you never come?
Seg. I pray you sir, what news of the message I sent you about
Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the Table alreadie.

There

There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all upon your belly, (agoe.
You have forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I have forgotten it, the very scent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You have forgot the arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What arrand, an arrant knave, or an arrant whore?

Se. Why thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the shepherd

Clo. O the shepherds bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the shepherds banishment.

Clow. I tell you the shepherds Bastard shall be well kept, Ile looke to it my self: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you have banished him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment if you would give me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whoreson slave, have you forgotten that I sent you and another to drive away the shepherd?

Clo. What an Asse are you? here's a stirre indeed:
Here's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you have drove him away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I have, and you will not beleeve me, aske my staffe.

Seg. Why can thy staffe tell?

Clo. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I that have obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come sirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not lose an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promise you I thought it seven years before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine sola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procure no harme,
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* surely stayes for me,

And thinkes me over-long, at length I come,
My preſent promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme unfained love!
What is it which true love dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loves, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt: compulſion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* eſteemes.
But what? me thinks the Shepherd is not come;
I muſe at that, the houre is at hand ——
Well here Ile reſt till *Mucedorus* come. *She lies down.*

Enter Bremo looking about haſtily, takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Bremo* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties thy hungrie paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luck-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.

Ama. How can ſhe fight that weapons cannot weild?

Bre. What? canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

Ama. What, muſt I die?

Bre. What needs theſe words? I thirſt to ſuck thy bloud.

Ama. Yet pity me, and let me live a while.

Bre. No pity I, Ile feed upon thy fleſh,
And teare thy body peece-meale joynt by joynt.

Ama. Ah, now I want my Shepherds company.

Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones between two Oaken trees.

Ama. Haſte Shepherd, haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt too late.

Bre. Ile ſuck the ſweetneſſe from thy marrow-bones.

Ama. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe bloud.

Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe, I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelf upon the ground.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell; my hoped joyes farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome preſent death; *She kneeles.*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying ghoſt.

Bre. Now *Bremo* play thy part.
How now? what ſudden chance is this?
My limbes doe tremble, and my ſinewes ſhake,

My

My unweakened armes have lost their former force:
Ah *Bremo, Bremo*, what a foil hadst thou,
That yet at no time was afraid,
To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee, *He strikes.*
And now wants strength for one downe driving blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I should strike,
Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast,
Saith, Spare her *Bremo*, spare her, doe not kill:
Shall I spare her that never spared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; say againe,
I cannot weild my weapons in my hand,
Methinkes I should not strike so faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or else with me altred natures course.
Ay woman, wilt thou live in woods with me?

Ama. Faine would I live, yet loth to live in woods.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promise, for to make returne;
But other businesse hindred my pretence.
It is a world to see, when men appoints,
And purposely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wish the same is farthest off,
But yet th'appointed time cannot be past,
Nor hath her presence yet prevented me:
Well here Ile stay and expect her comming.

They cry within, Hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is pursude no doubt,
Perhaps some search for me, 'tis good to doubt the worst:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mouse the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's a stir indeed: here came hue after the cryer; & I was set close at mother *Nips*

houſe, and there I call'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of us Courtiers: Now ſirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came, Hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one, perchance he may be in this pot: Well Ile ſee, maſſe I cannot ſee him yet: well Ile looke a little further; maſſe he is a little ſlave if he be here; why here's no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, I le face her out, and call her old ruſty, duſty, muſty, fuſty, cruſty Fire-brand, and worſe then all that, and ſo face her out of her pot: but ſoft here ſhe comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knave, where's my pot you knave?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot, 'twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knave, thou haſt my pot.

Clo. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot? Ile know what Ile ſay.

Old. What wilt thou ſay?

Clo. But ſay I have it and thou dareſt.

Old. Why thou knave thou haſt not onely my pot, but my drinke unpaid for.

Clo You lie like an old: I will not ſay whore.

Old. Doſt call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou dareſt: Search me whether I have it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he drinketh over her head, and caſteth down the pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it, and then they fall together by the eares: ſhe takes up her pot and runnes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Seg. How now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clo. O flies Maſter flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. O here Maſter, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad.

Clo. Why maſter I have kill'd a dungcart full at the leaſt.

Seg. Go to ſirra, leave this idle talke, give eare to me.

Clo. How, give you one of my eares?

Not

Not an you were ten maſters,

Seg. Why ſir, I pray you give eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a Curtal for no mans plea-ſure.

Seg. I tell thee attend what I ſay,

Goe thy way ſtrait and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole towne? even goe your ſelfe, it is more than I can doe: Why do you thinke I can reare a towne, that can ſcarce reare a pot of Ale to my head, I ſhould reare a towne, ſhould I not?

Seg. Goe to the Conſtable and make a privie ſearch, For the Shepherd is runne away with the Kings daughter,

Clo. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter runne away with the Shepherd.

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is ſhe to runne away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handſomer man than the ſhepherd my ſelfe: but tell me Maſter, muſt I make a privie ſearch, or ſearch in the privie.

Seg. Why doeſt thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then ſearch every where, Leave no place unſearcht for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old firebrands houſe, and will not leave one place unſearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-ſtand, and drinke ſo long as I can ſtand; and when I have done, Ile let out all the reſt, to ſee if he be not hid in the Barrell; and I find him not there, Ile to the Cupbord, Ile not leave one corner of her houſe unſearcht, ifaith ye old Cruſt, Ile bee with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Muſicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Lord Barachins, with others.

King Val. Enough of muſicke, it but addes to torment, Delights to vexed ſpirits are as dates Set to a ſicke man, which rather cloy than comfort: Let me intreat you to intreat no more *Muſicke ceaſeth.*

Rod. Let your ſtrings ſleep, have done there.

King Val. Mirth to a ſoule diſturb'd, are Embers turn'd,

Which

Which ſuddaine gleame with moleſtation,
But ſooner looſe their ſight for't:
'Tis gold beſtow'd upon a Rioter,
Which not relieves but murthers him:
'Tis a drugge given to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All joy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.
Anſ. Your ſonne (my Lord) is well.
King Val. I prethee ſpeake that thrice.
Anſ. The Prince your Sonne is ſafe.
King Val. O where *Anſelmo?* ſurfet me with that.
Anſ. In *Aragon* my Liege, and at his parting,
Bound my ſecrecie
By his affections love not to diſcloſe it;
But care of him, and pity of your age
Makes my tongue blab what my breaſt vow'd, concealement.
King Val. Thou not deceiv'ſt me,
I ever thought thee what I finde thee now,
An upright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humor
Nurſt within his braine,
Drew him ſo privately to *Aragon?*
Anſ. A forcing Adamant,
Love mixt with feare, and doubtfull jealouſie,
Whether report gilded a worthleſſe Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deſerv'd her high extolment.
King Val. See our proviſion be in readineſſe,
Collect us followers of the comlieſt hue,
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chryſtall eye of Heaven ſhall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud ſix times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly now, the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſures wrapt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father to thy native soile,
Or trye some long abode within these woods?
Well, I will hence depart, and hie me home:
What? hie me home, said I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groves,
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there, and seat thy selfe thereon
And when thou feel'st thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*:
No doubt she thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habit thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepherd now, I an Hermite must be:
Me thinkes this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some gravity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Here's thorow the woods, and thorow the woods,
To looke out a Shepherd, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who have we here? what art thou?

Muce. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet? I never saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muce. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite;
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clow. O I know thee now; thou art he that eats up all the hippes and hawes: wee could not have one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muce. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clow. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepherd.

Muce. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore? canst thou tell?

Clow.

Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this: my Master and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer these woods than they were used (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare. Now my Master plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes me a shepherd, and he strikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and Ile kill them all: now ever since *Amadine* hath beene in love with the shepherd, and for good will she's even run away with the shepherd. (to me?

Mu. What manner of man was he? canst thou describe him un-

Clo. Scribe him, ay I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well favoured fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muce. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I finde you, or what's your name?

Clo. My name is called Master *Mouse.*

Muce. O Master *Mouse,* I pray you what office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marry sir, I am Rusher of the stable.

Muce. Oh, Usher of the Table.

Clo. Nay I say Rusher, and Ile prove mine office good: for looke you sir, when any comes from under the sea or so, and a dogge chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher: a high office I promise ye.

Muce. But where shall I finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why, where it is best being, either in the kitchin eating, or in the buttery drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes, knuckle deep in fat: pray you take paines, remember Master *Mouse.* *Exit.*

Muce. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine,* what should become of her?
Whither shouldst thou go so long unknowne?
With watch and ward each passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape unknowne.
Doubtlesse, she hath lost her selfe within these woods,
And wandring to and fro she seeks the Well,

Which

Which yet she cannot finde, therefore will I seek her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* crueltie:
Though I were dumbe and could not answer him,
The beasts themselves would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy savage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My love why dost thou murmure to thy selfe?
Speake lowder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepherd is my Love.

Bre. Have I not sav'd thee from sudden death,
Given thee leave to live that thou mightst love,
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kisse me (sweet) for all my favours past.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flies away from me,
I will follow and give attend to her.
Denie my Love? A worme of Beautie,
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head upon the blocke.

Ama. O spare me *Bremo*, love should limit life,
Not to be made a murtherer of himself.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with bloud,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare,
And like a Wolfe, prey not upon a Lambe.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt love me thou shalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a chaplet made of Ivory,
And make the Rose and Lillie wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees shall spread themselves where thou dost goe,
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quailes and Partridges,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales,
Thy drinke shall be goats-milke, and Chrystall water,
Distilling from the Fountaines and the cleerest Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely give thee to obtaine thy love.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my love,
With all the pleasures that I can devise:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in my armes.
Ama. One may, so may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs & the wood-Nymphs shall attend on thee,
And lull thee asleep with Musicks sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Queene,
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine.*
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art up, the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds
For thee to trample and to tread upon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouze the Roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bremo. Welcome sir, an houre ago I lookt for such a guest,
Be merry wench, weele have a frollick feast,
Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both,
Say sirra, wilt thou fight or dost thou meane to die?
Muce. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou want'st a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die?
Muce. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. Yet spare him *Bremo*, spare him.
Bre. Away I say, I will not spare him.
Muce. Yet give me leave to speake.
Bre. Thou shalt not speake.
Ama. Yet give him leave to speake for my sake.
Bre. Speake on; but be not over-long.
Muce. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lives in loathsome Cells and Woods,

And wholly gave themselves to witlesse will:
A rude unruly rout, then man to man became
A present prey; then might prevailed,
The weakest went to walls;
Right was unknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus lived in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudenesse unto reason brought,
Who led by reason, soone forsooke the woods,
In stead of Caves, they built them Cattles strong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie.
Waying their former wickednesse,
They tearm'd the time wherein they lived then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for so heard I thee call'd)
If men which lived tofore, as thou dost now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to spoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to returne
From murther, bloud-shed, and like cruelties.
What, should we fight before we have a cause?
No, lets live and love together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or else thou diest.

Ama. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I say; thou troublest me.

Ama. You promised me to make me Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. You promised that I should have my will.

Bre. I did, I mean no lesse.

Ama. Then save the Hermites life, for he may save us both.

Bre. At thy request Ile save him, but never any after him.
Say Hermite, what canst thou doe?

Muce. Ile waite on thee, sometime upon thy Queene,
Such service shalt thou shortly have, as *Bremo* never had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what, ſhall I never have you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepherd?

Clow. I have been thorow the woods and thorow the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I ſee a thouſand Emmets, thou meaneſt a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger than thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I? what a foole have you to your man? I pray you Maſter turne him away.

Segaſt. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he ſaid he did lead a ſalt-ſellers life round about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldſt ſay, a ſolitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why, he did nothing but ſleep ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouſe*, how did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head,
And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo, he was a Hermite, that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, never leave ſeeking till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleep.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall never finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile never come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt.

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. Unknowne to any, here within theſe woods,
With bloudy *Bremo* doe I leade my life;
The Monſter he doth murder all he meets,

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but onely I,
In ſuch a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoule, how often times ſhe ſits,
And ſighes, and calls, Come Shepherd, come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by;
But here ſhe comes: What newes faire Lady
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours? me thinks he loves you well,

Ama. I like not him, his love to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that ever loves you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his love,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muce. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremoes* ſight,
Unfold to me, if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloudy butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did love,

Muce. A Shepherd (Lady) ſure a man unfit to match with you,

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had——

Muce. Stay there, the wilde man comes,
Referre the reſt untill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpering have we here?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I muſt, loe here it is againe:
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee
It griev'd us both, but ſpecially thy Queene,
Who in thy abſence ever feares the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royall Grace,

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander thorow the wood,
Toyleto and fro, for to redreſſe my want
Hazard his life, and all to cheriſh me?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crav'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwer was, I had ſmall skill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo? none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene begin,
Here take this weapon, ſee how thou canſt uſe it.

Ama. This is too big, I cannot weild it in mine arme.

Bre. Is't ſo? wee'l have a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my ſtaff and ſee how thou canſt weild it.

Muce. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Muce. Next tell how, and when 'tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. 'Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerve,
'Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muce. Then now or never it is time to ſtrike.

Bre. And when thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure to hit the head.

Muce. The head?

Bre. The very head.

Muce. Then have at thine. *He ſtrikes him down dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerveſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muce. Now Lady it remaines in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid you loved a ſhepherd.

Ama. I ſo I do, and none but onely him:
And will doe ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muce. But tell me Lady ſith I ſet you free,

What course of life doe you intend to take?
Ama. I will disguised wander thorow the world,
Till I have found him out.
Muce. How if you finde your Shepherd in these woods?
Ama. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.
He discloseth himself.
Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepherd well?
Ama. My *Mucedorus*, hath he set me free?
Muce. He hath set thee free.
Ama. And liv'd so long unknowne to *Amadine*?
Muce. Ay that's a question wherof you may not be resolved:
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape unknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right thorow the thickets to the wild mans Cave,
And there a while live on his provision,
Untill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.
Ama. I thinke the very same.
Muce. Come let's be gone.
The Clowne searcheth, and falls over the wilde man, and so carries him away.
Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? abots on you,
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir, we would have.
Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.
Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lustie, Ile call a cooling-card for you: O Master, Master, come away quickly.
Enter Segasto.
Segast. What's the matter?
Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O brave,
Seg. What Minion have I found you out?
Clow. Nay that's a lye, I found her out my selfe.
Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knoweſt our wedding day ſo nigh?
Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your aſſurance, then Ile anſwer you.
Segaſt. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segaſt. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.
Ama. Not I.
Segaſt. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore even no.
Clow. Maſter with anone, none ſo.
Segaſt. Ah wicked villaine, art thou here?
Muce. What need theſe words? weigh them not.
Segaſt. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I ſcorne thy (company.
Clow. Weele not have a corner of thy company.
Muce. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clo. That's a lie, a would have kild me with his pugs-nando.
Segaſt. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.
Ama. Then ſeek another that may you better pleaſe.
Muce. Well *Amadine* it onely reſts in thee,
Without delay to make thy choice of three:
There ſtands *Segaſto*, a ſecond here,
There ſtands the third; now make thy choice,
Clow. A Lord at the leaſt I am.
Ama. My choyce is made, for I will none but thee.
Segaſt. A worthy mate (no doubt) for ſuch a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keep thee as thy father did;
I have no Lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreover, if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly, this muſt be thy uſe,
To bed at midnight, up at foure,
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victuall for to winne;
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all,
No Princeſſe then but a plaine Shepherds wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepherd.
Ama. It ſhall not need if *Amadine* doe live,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muce. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall bloud: my father's of *Valentia* King,
My mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I joy my fortune is ſo good.

Segaſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed:
But *Mucedorus*, I as much do joy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee.

He gives her unto him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I have.

Clow. What? barnes doore, and borne where my Father was Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doeſt thou?

Muce. Thanks *Segaſto*, but you levil'd at the Crowne.

Clo. Maſter beare this and beare all.

Segaſt. Why ſo ſirra?

Clow. He ſayes you take a gooſe by the crowne.

Segaſt. Go to ſirra; away, poſt you to thee King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts:
Glad him up, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clow. I go Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life!
How can I joy except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breeds great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare theſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee 'twill turn unto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to joy.

King. Such joy as death, I do aſſure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult do I heare within?

They cry within, Joy and happinesse.

Collin. I heare a noise of over-passing joy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haste.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why, how now sirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis news for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why sirra, thou shalt have silver and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight.

Clow. How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright.
Master get you away, If I be a Spright, I shall be so leane,
I shall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King means to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why, shall I want Parrell.

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then stand away, strike up thy self, here they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall daughter.

King What doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?*
Rise up daughter, and let these embracing armes,
Shew some token of thy Fathers joy,
Which ever since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Ama. Deare Father, never were your sorrows
Greater than my griefes:
Never you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:
Yet nevertheless knowing my selfe
To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humbly crave your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him——

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As sure as I am King and weare the crowne
Ile be reveng'd on that accursed wretch.

Muce. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, shew (favour.

King. I, such favour as thou deservest.

Muce. I doe deserve the daughter of a King,

King. O impudent! a Shepherd and so insolent,

Muce.

Muce. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not princely borne.
Muce. Yes Princely borne, my father is a King,
My mother a Qeene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court,
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to me diſguis'd?
Muce. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence
But this, deſiring thy daughters vertues for to ſee
Diſguis'd my ſelf from out my fathers Court,
Unknowne to any in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker been,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large;
Deſiring you, you will give her to me,
Even as mine owne and Soveraigne of my life,
Then ſhall I thinke my travells all well ſpent.
King. With all my heart; but this
Segaſto claimes my promiſe made tofore,
That he ſhould have her as his onely wife,
Before my Councell when he came from warre.
Segaſto, may I crave thee let it paſſe,
And give *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Seg. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furniſh up their rites,
With pleaſing ſports and paſtimes you ſhall ſee.
King. Thanks good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilſt I live,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segaſto* theſe great courteſies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why harke you Maſter, bones what have you done?
What given away the wench you made me take ſuch paines
for? You are wiſe indeed. Maſſe and I had knowne of that, I
would have had her my ſelfe: faith Maſter now we may goe to
breakfaſt with a wood-cock-pie.
Segaſt. Go to ſirra, you were beſt to leave this knavery.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finiſh up the joyfulleſt day

That ever hapt to a distressed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A shout within: Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriv'd, intreats your presence.

Muce. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes give him entertainment;
A happier planet never raign'd than that
Which governes at this present houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runs and embraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Rise honour of my age: food to my rest:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behaviour, so compell'd by nature,
That manners stood unknowledged.

King Ara. What we have to recite, would tedious prove
By declaration, therefore in and feast:
To morrow the performance shall explaine
What words conceale: till then Drummes speak, Bells ring,
Give plausive welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Comedy and Envy.

Com. How now *Envy*; what, blushest thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with courage praise a womans deeds:
Thy threats were vaine, thou couldst do me no hurt,
Although thou seem'dst to crosse me with despight,
I overwhelm'd, and turn'd upside downe thy blocks,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Envy. Though stumbled, yet not overthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildnesse:
Yet must I needs confesse, thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this; yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither;

A double revenge another time Ile have.
Com. Envy ſpit thy gall;
Plot, worke, contrive, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a black Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts have twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,
Caſt native monſters in the moulds of men,
Caſe vicious devils under ſancted robes,
Unhaſpe the wicket where all perjuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not (hell-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Envy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let us tugge till one the maſtery win.
Envy. *Comedy*, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile overthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Comick-merriment.
Com. Thy policie wants gravity, thou art too weake:
Speak friend, as how?
Envy. Why thus,
From my foule ſtudy will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whoſe jawes ſwell to his eyes with chewing malice,
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Envy. This ſcrambling Raven with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And every other where place me a Jeſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment than blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker than lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of jollitie rehearſe thoſe gaules-
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

To our great danger, or at leaſt reſtraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly,
This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor ſuch,
Eſpecially deceitfull in their doings,
Whoſe ſtaid diſcretion rules their purpoſes.
I and my faction doe eſchew thoſe vices:
But ſee, O ſee the weary Sunne for reſt
Hath laine his golden compaſſe to the Weſt;
Where he perpetuall bide, and ever ſhine,
As *Davids* off-ſpring in his happie Clime.
Stoope *Envy* ſtoope, bow to the earth with mith me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Envy. My power has loſt her might, *Envies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wiſe Arch-*Cæſar* on this earth,
At whoſe appearance *Envie's* ſtrucken dumbe,
And all bad things ceaſe operation,
Vouchſafe to pardon our unwilling errour
So late preſented to your gracious view,
And wee'il endevour with exceſſe of paine,
To pleaſe your ſenſes in a choicer ſtraine
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whoſe ſpangled carcaſſe would for your delight
Strive to excell the day: be bleſſed then,
Who other wiſhes, let him never ſpeake.

Envy. Amen.

To Fame and Honour we commend your reſt,
Live ſtill more happy, every houre more bleſt.

FINIS.